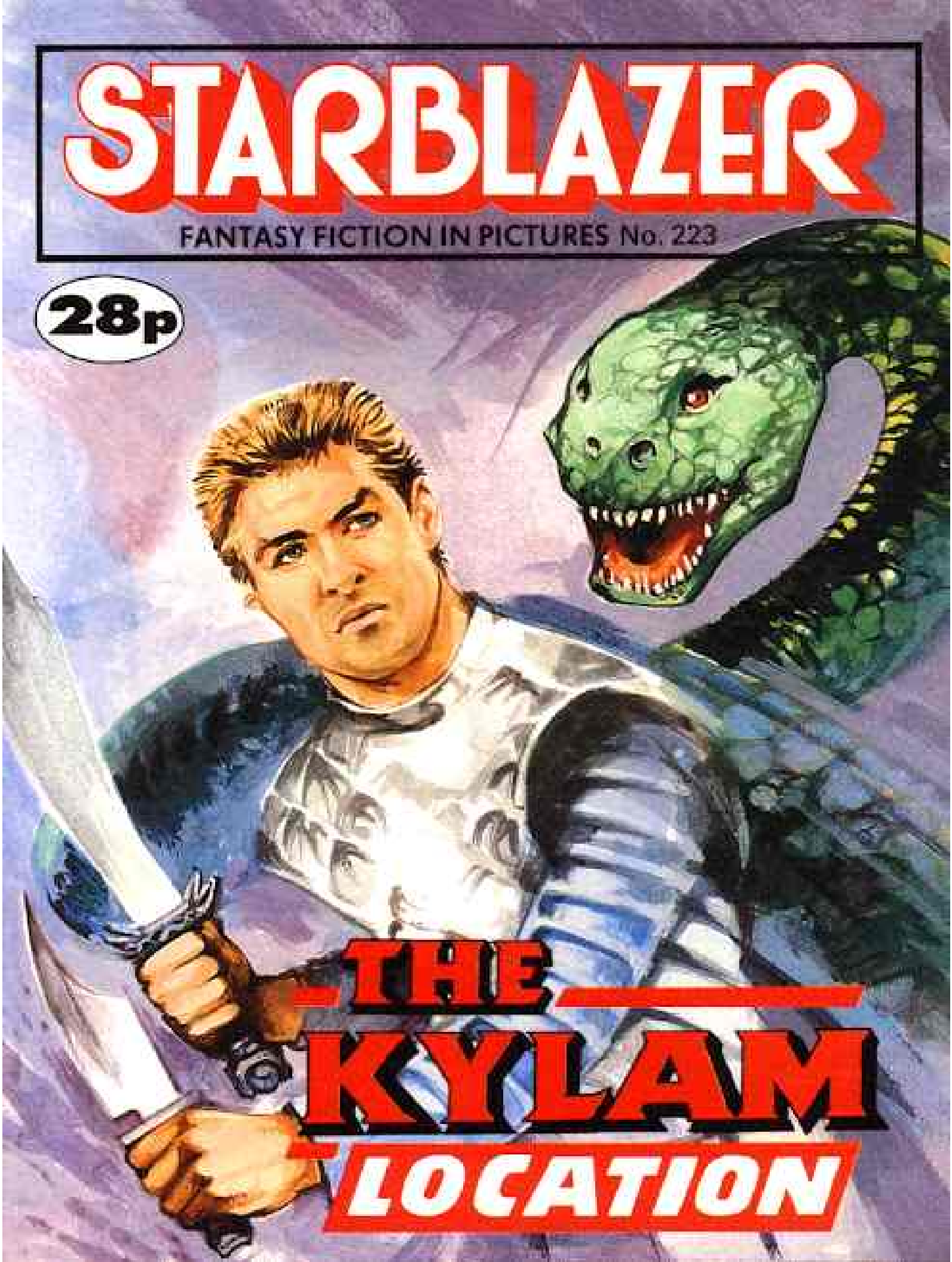
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 223

28p



THE KYLAM LOCATION

We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need *your* help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

And there's a chance to win a full-colour print of one of our new-style wraparound covers!

The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

Name ..... **Age** .....

Address .....

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy? Please tick appropriate boxes. If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

SUPERHEROES	☐	☐	**FANTASY**
DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS	☐	☐	**SWORD AND SORCERY**
POST HOLOCAUST	☐	☐	**HORROR**
ADVENTURE	☐	☐	**STAR WARS**
HUMOUR	☐	☐	**DR. WHO**
			MYSTERY

Where do you normally buy your STARBLAZER? _____

_____

Which is your favourite STARBLAZER story? _____

_____

Which is your favourite character? _____

Which is your favourite science fiction movie? _____

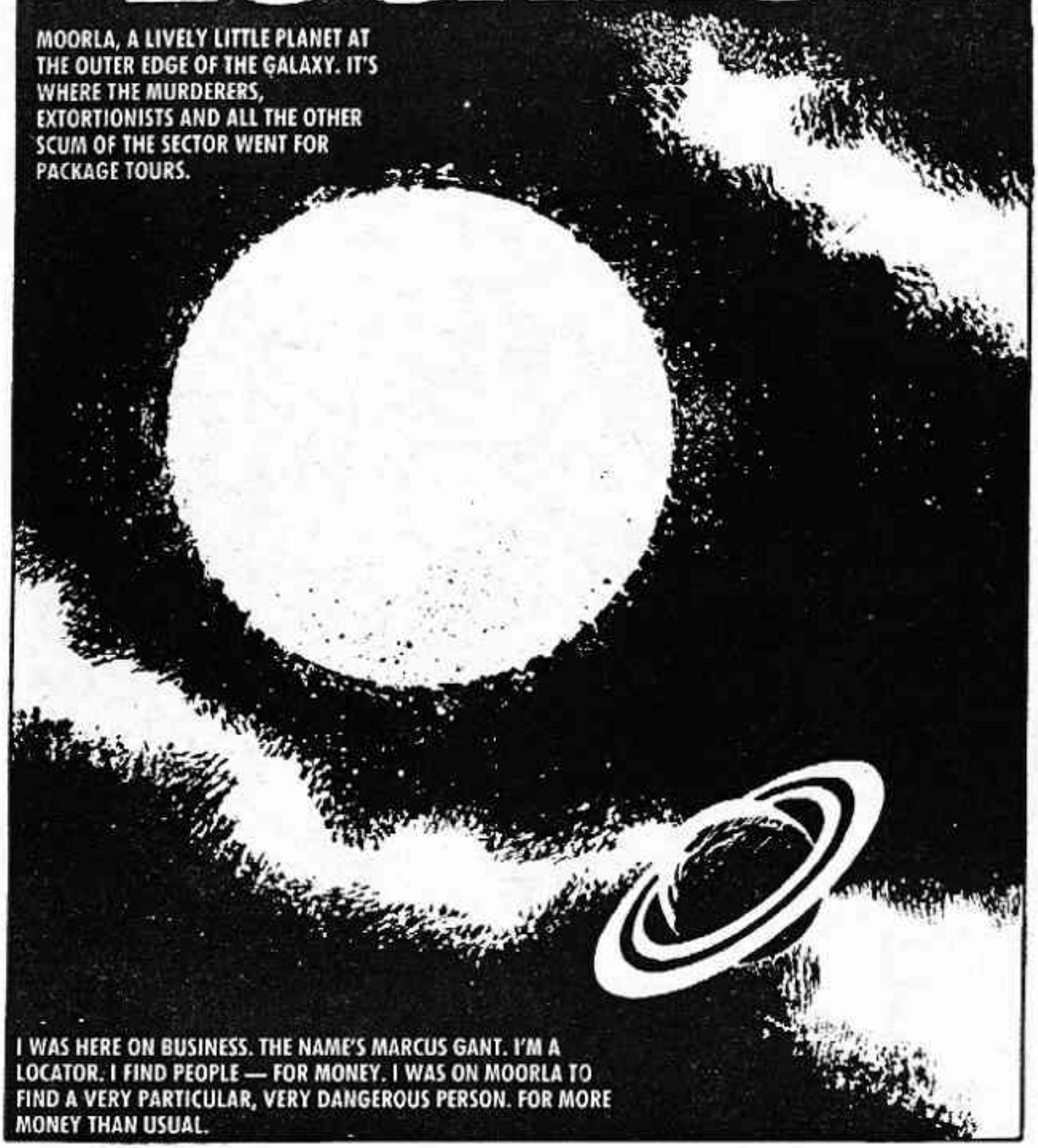
_____

Have you any comments to make about STARBLAZER... good or bad? _____

_____

THE KYLAM LOCATION

MOORLA, A LIVELY LITTLE PLANET AT THE OUTER EDGE OF THE GALAXY. IT'S WHERE THE MURDERERS, EXTORTIONISTS AND ALL THE OTHER SCUM OF THE SECTOR WENT FOR PACKAGE TOURS.



I WAS HERE ON BUSINESS. THE NAME'S MARCUS GANT. I'M A LOCATOR. I FIND PEOPLE — FOR MONEY. I WAS ON MOORLA TO FIND A VERY PARTICULAR, VERY DANGEROUS PERSON. FOR MORE MONEY THAN USUAL.

ROSCOE KYLAM WAS HIS NAME — HE'D STOLEN ALL THE DATA-DISCS FOR DENTUSA'S COMPUTER DEFENCE SYSTEM. IT LEFT THE PLANET WIDE OPEN TO ATTACK. SO DENTUSA OFFERED A REWARD, THE BIGGEST EVER — 90,000,000 CREDIT UNITS FOR THE CAPTURE OF ROSCOE KYLAM, AND WHAT HE'D STOLEN.
SEEN HIM?
KYLAM? ROSCOE KYLAM? YOU A FRIEND OF HIS?
KINKER'S BAR
I'M LOOKING FOR HIM.
WE'RE ALL LOOKIN' FOR HIM! HE OWES US MONEY — 90,000 UNITS ON HIS DRINKS SLATE FOR A START!

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO PAY — SINCE YOU'RE A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE SLIME-RAT!
GET HIS MONEYBELT!
LOOK — I'M NOT A FRIEND OF KYLAM! NOT EVEN AN ACQUAINTANCE!
FORGET THAT! CHECK HE AIN'T GOT A BLASTER, FIRST!

TOO LATE . . . I HAVE A BLASTER.
AND HE'S USING IT!

AND I'LL USE IT AGAIN . . . NOW, STAY BACK.

ALL I WANTED WAS A FEW ANSWERS, AND AN ACROBATIC LEAP OVER THE BAR WAS THE FIRST STEP.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO CALM DOWN IF YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP WITH THE SAME NUMBER OF ARMS AS ME!

STAY BACK! STAY BACK OR I'LL NEVER SERVE ANY OF YOU AGAIN!

NOW COMES THE DIFFICULT BIT!
BLAST HIM!
NO! STOP! LET HIM GO! PLEASE . . .

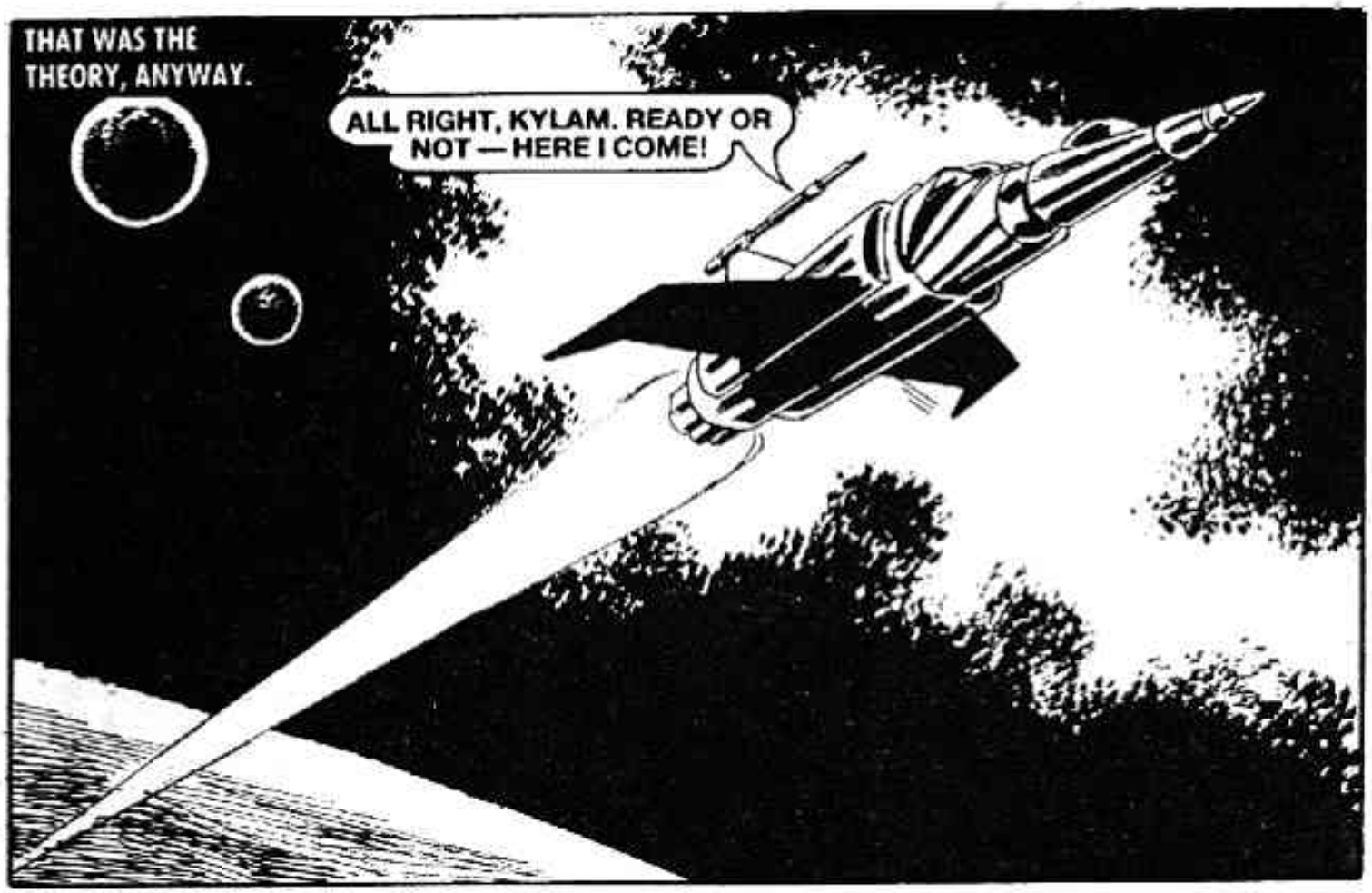
ARCALIAN LEAF BRANDY, AS ANY LOCATOR WILL TELL YOU, IS A DELICIOUS REFRESHMENT . . .

NEARLY THERE . . .!

. . . AND THE MOST HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCE IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

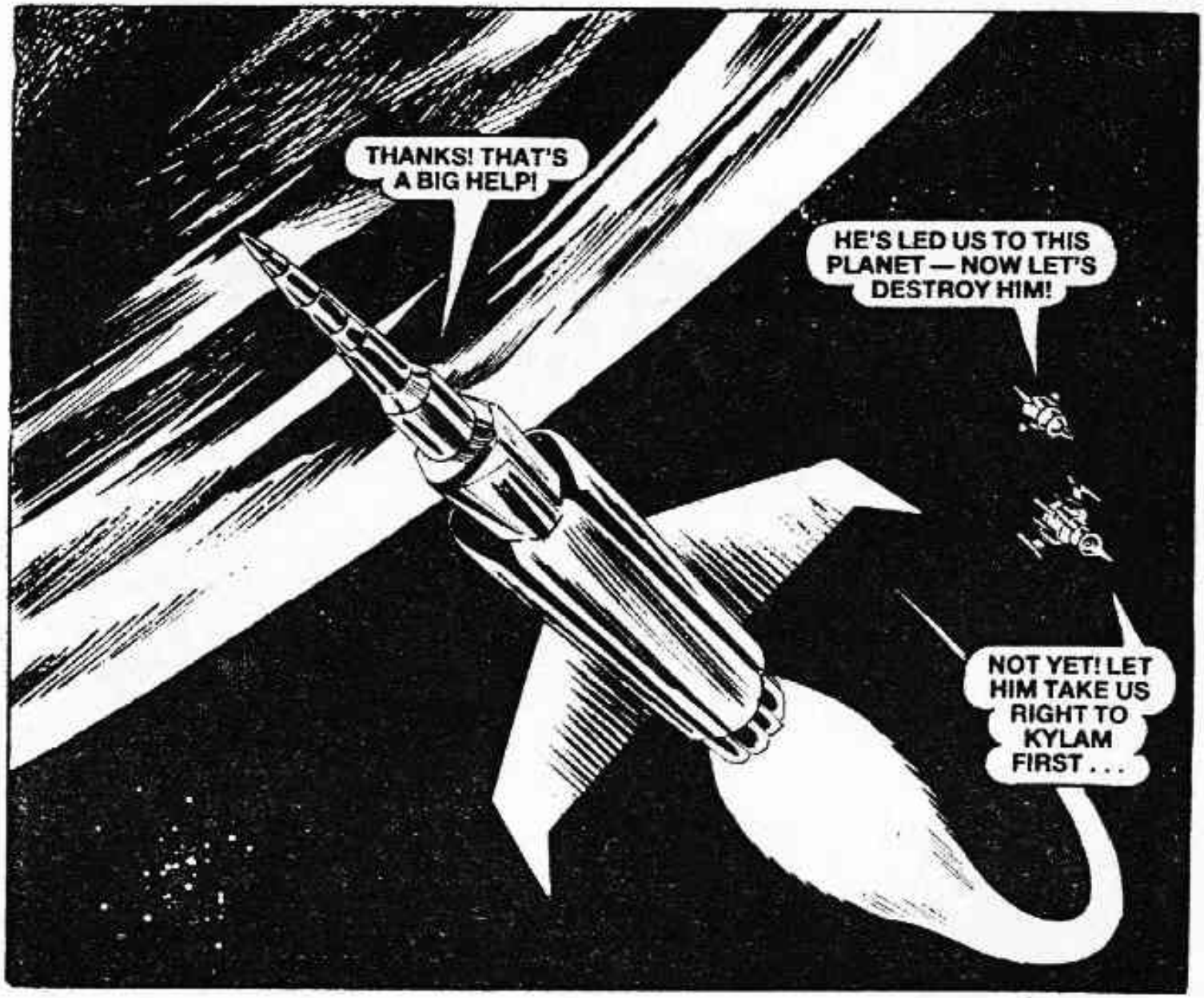
KRUMP

DEADLY STUFF, THAT!
BACK AT MY CRAFT —
YOU ARE CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF, STAR CRUISER 009, AS SOON AS YOU SET YOUR ESCAPE CO-ORDINATES.
GOOD! NOW I CAN WAVE TA-TA'S TO THIS ROCK AND GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS LOCATING!
OKAY, LOCATING COMPUTER . . . LET'S SEE YOU WORK FOR A LIVING!
THE COMPUTER SCANNED THE REMAINS OF THE GLASS TO COMPUTE A 'VESTIGIAL TRACES READING' ON KYLAM — A SUB-MOLECULAR TRAIL BY WHICH I COULD TRACK HIM THROUGH THE GALAXY.


THAT WAS THE THEORY, ANYWAY.
ALL RIGHT, KYLAM. READY OR NOT — HERE I COME!

IN MY EXCITEMENT, I FORGOT TO CHECK THE REARVIEW MIRROR.
THERE HE GOES, RAY — HE MUST BE ON TO KYLAM! COME ON!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT GANT, BRYANT! IF YOU ARE, AND HE DOES LEAD US TO KYLAM, ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS ARRANGE A FATAL ACCIDENT FOR HIM AND POCKET THE NINETY MILLION!

I WAS TOO HAPPY TO NOTICE I WAS BEING FOLLOWED — MY LOCATION COMPUTER ACTUALLY SEEMED TO BE WORKING PROPERLY, AND IT LED ME TO . . .
AURLA? WHY WOULD KYLAM COME HERE? I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF AURLA! WHAT DOES THE SPACE-ATLAS TAPE SAY ABOUT IT, COMPUTER?
AURLA: OF NO APPARENT INTEREST.


THANKS! THAT'S A BIG HELP!
HE'S LED US TO THIS PLANET — NOW LET'S DESTROY HIM!
NOT YET! LET HIM TAKE US RIGHT TO KYLAM FIRST . . .

AURLA SPACEPORT WAS OF NO APPARENT INTEREST . . . IT WAS DESERTED.
I'VE BEEN ON SMALL PLANETS BEFORE, BUT NEVER ONE WITH HALF-DAY CLOSING!

THIS COULD BE A TRAP! KYLAM MIGHT BE WAITING FOR ME OUT THERE WITH HALF THE FIREPOWER OF A DRAACIAN BATTLECAR! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

I WAS READY FOR ANYTHING. LAS-BLASTS, PLASMA-FIELDS, PERCUSSION BOMBS. ANYTHING . . .

. . . EXCEPT A BLASTED CARNIVAL!
I'M ABOUT TO BECOME PART OF THIS ROAD! UNLESS . . .

NOW I'M ON BOARD, WHAT HAVE WE?

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER, I REACHED THE TOP OF THE LADDER.
CAREFUL, OFFWORLDER — IF YOU FALL YOU WILL BE CRUSHED! YOU SHOULD HAVE WATCHED THE PROCESSION FROM THE STREET!
I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE! WHAT IS THIS FESTIVAL, ANYWAY?

IT IS THE FESTIVAL OF POWER — WE ARE CELEBRATING THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR KING! AREN'T YOU HERE TO JOIN THE FESTIVITIES?
NO . . . I'M ON BUSINESS. NOW EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO RECALIBRATE MY COMPUTER.
KINDLY GIVE IT TO US!

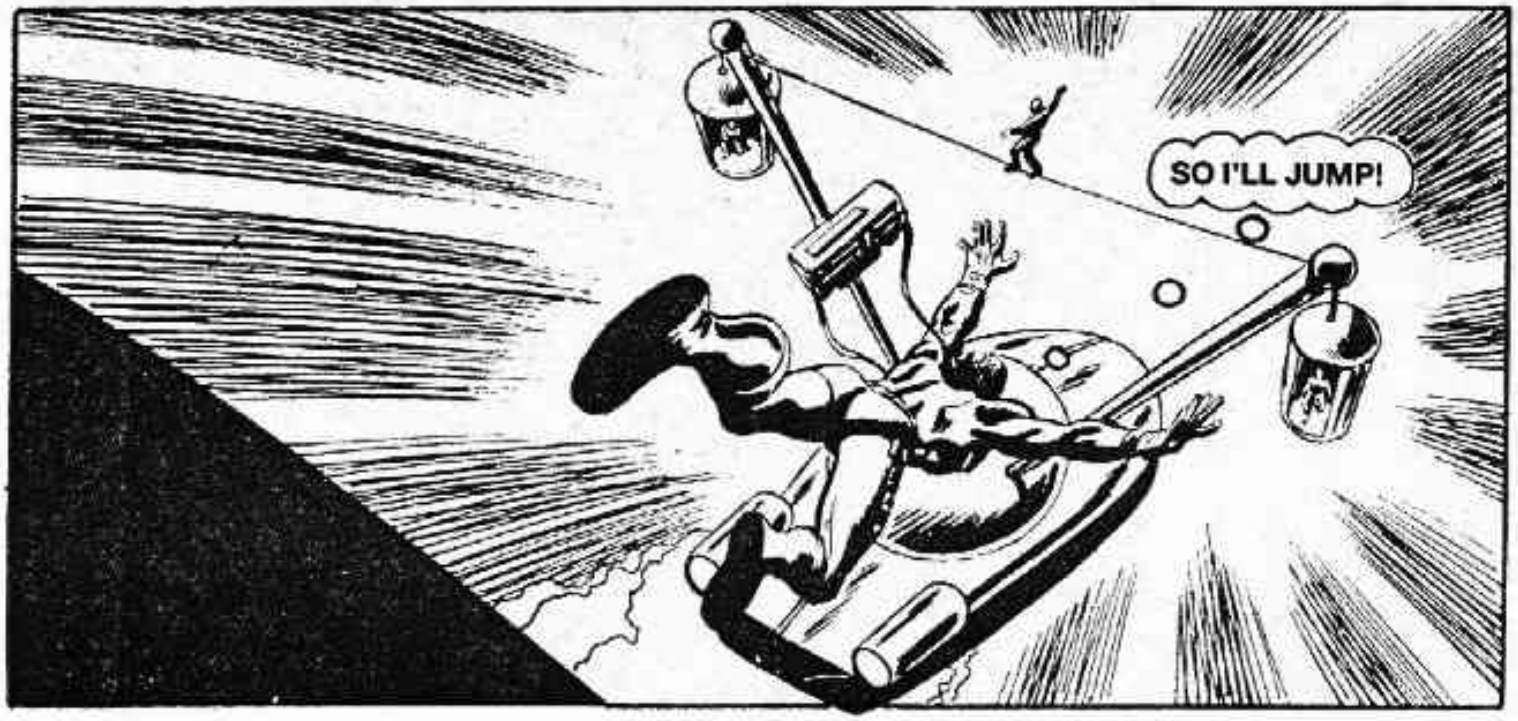
WE'LL TAKE THE LOCATION FROM HERE — WE CAN'T RISK YOU DISAPPEARING INTO THOSE CROWDS, CAN WE?
NAH! SO HAND IT OVER, GANT!
BRYANT AND RAY . . . BOUNTY HUNTERS! I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED. YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME.

HERE!

MUST GET CLEAR OF THE PROCESSION!
COME ON, BRYANT . . .

PANT . . . WHY . . . DOES LOCATING . . . INVOLVE SO MUCH RUNNING ABOUT?
HURRY, YOU FAT SWAMP TOAD — HE'S OUTRUNNING US!

DON'T CALL ME A SWAMP TOAD, YOU ATABELIAN GNAT!
SHUT UP AND LOOK! GANT'S NOWHERE ELSE TO RUN!


SO I'LL JUMP!

ER . . . HELLO . . .
BEAT IT, PUNK!

GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS CARNIVAL . . .

. . . BEFORE THOSE MURDEROUS AMATEURS CATCH UP WITH ME!

A FOREST LOOKED LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE.
MADE IT! PLENTY OF COVER HERE . . .
FOREST OF LUMINOS

I'LL WAIT TILL THIS THING PASSES AN EMPTY SIDESTREET, THEN LEAP OFF AND . . .
GANT! WE KNOW YOU'RE THERE!

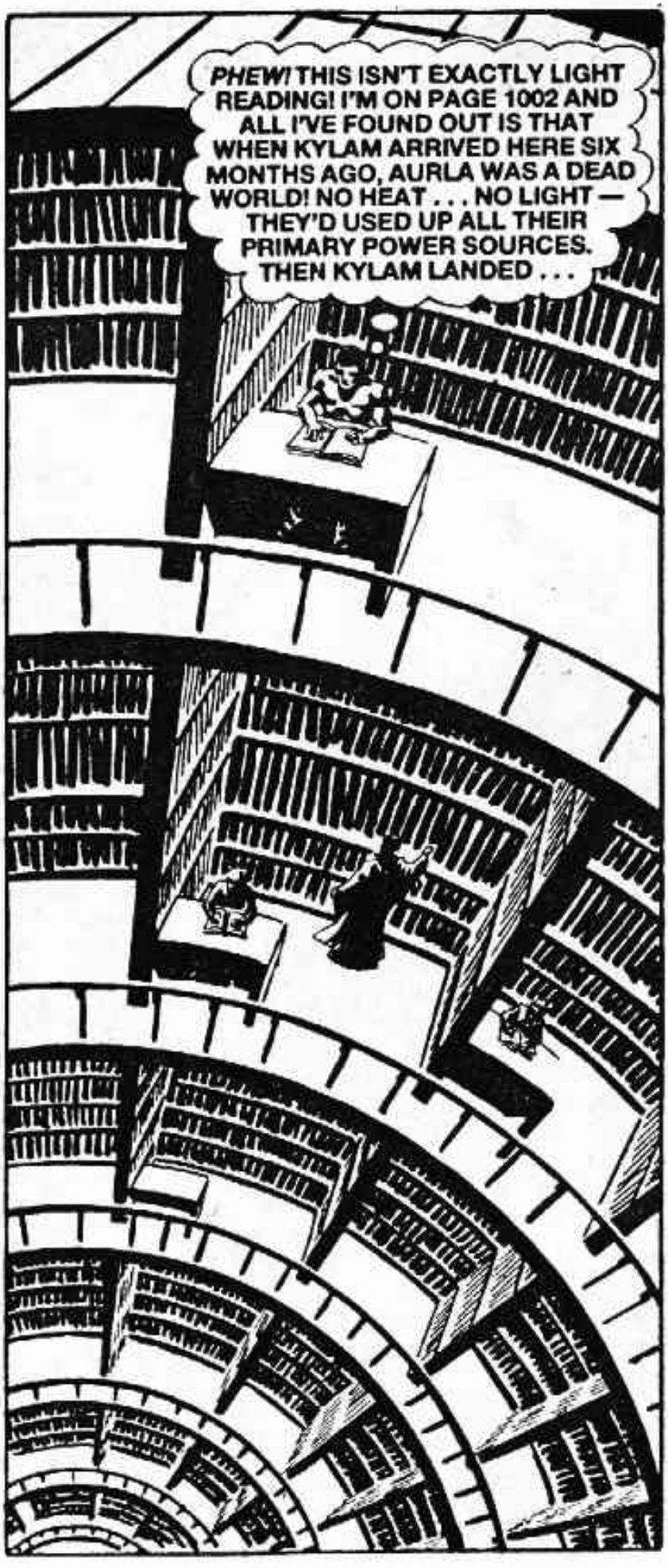
I KEPT QUIET AND DIDN'T MOVE—
LOOK! OVER THERE! IT'S GANT!
BLAST HIM!

IT WASN'T ME — IT WAS MY REFLECTION!
PHEW — THAT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK. I THINK IT'S TIME . . .

. . . TO GET OFF THIS
. . . UNNNNGHGHHHH!
EVERYTHING WENT VERY BLACK . . .
AND IT STAYED THAT WAY FOR A WHILE —
MY HEARING CAME BACK FIRST — SOMEONE TALKING ABOUT A "POOR BEGGAR" . . . OR I THINK IT WAS "POOR BEGGAR" . . .

OHH, LOOK AT THE UNFORTUNATE MAN! LET'S THROW HIM SOME MONEY, DERLEK.
SIGH! ALL RIGHT, HANETTE. BUT I STILL SAY YOU'RE MUCH TOO COMPASSIONATE.
OWW! WHAT HAPPENED?
MY BLASTER! GONE! AND SO'S MY LOCATING COMPUTER! GREAT! NO WEAPON . . . NO LEADS . . . AND ONE MAN HIDING ON A PLANET OF AT LEAST THREE BILLION PEOPLE! THAT'S IT!
MIGHT AS WELL COLLECT MY 'EARNINGS' AND SEE IF I CAN AFFORD PASSAGE HOME ON A — A . . . ROSCOE KYLAM?

WHY WAS ROSCOE KYLAM ON A COIN? ALL SORTS OF ANSWERS SPRANG TO MIND, AND THE LIBRARY WAS THE PLACE TO CHECK.
I'D LIKE EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT ABOUT YOUR MONARCH . . .
KING ROSCOE? CERTAINLY, SIR . . .


PHEW! THIS ISN'T EXACTLY LIGHT READING! I'M ON PAGE 1002 AND ALL I'VE FOUND OUT IS THAT WHEN KYLAM ARRIVED HERE SIX MONTHS AGO, AURLA WAS A DEAD WORLD! NO HEAT . . . NO LIGHT — THEY'D USED UP ALL THEIR PRIMARY POWER SOURCES. THEN KYLAM LANDED . . .

. . . AND BROUGHT TWO GREAT NORAX GENERATORS WITH HIM — THE PLANET WAS SO GRATEFUL IT MADE HIM KING . . . AND DEDICATED ITS ANNUAL FESTIVAL TO HIM! BUT IT DOESN'T ADD UP! KYLAM'S A SLIMEBALL. IT'S AS IF HE'S HELPING AURLA OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF HIS HEART.

MY READING WAS INTERRUPTED—

UGHHHK!

GREETINGS, MARCUS GANT! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF . . .

I AM THE LR-40000 . . . THE MOST SOPHISTICATED LOCATING ROBOT THE LASZLO CORPORATION HAS EVER PRODUCED. I HAVE BEEN SCANNING THAT BOOK YOU WERE READING. I NOW HAVE ENOUGH DATA TO COMPLETE MY MISSION OF FINDING ROSCOE KYLAM — YOU ARE AN OBSTACLE TO MY MISSION!

. . . AND THEREFORE, I MUST ELIMINATE YOU!
I . . . I . . . UNGHH . . . REALLY WISH YOU WOULDN'T!
GOODBYE . . . MARCUS GANT . . .
MY LIFELINE! THERE! GOT TO PULL NOW. PULL . . .

MY GRAPPLING HOOK STUCK IN A BOOKSHELF.
FANCY A LITTLE LIGHT READING, CHROME DOME?
DO NOT TRY TO DISTRACT ME, LOCATOR. I AM THE LR-4000 . . .

. . . THE MOST . . . WHRRRT!!!! GYROSCOPE DESTABILIZED STATUS . . . UNDERMINED!!!!

I . . . SUPPOSE YOU THINK . . . THIS IS . . . CLEVER!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS VERY CLEVER WHEN MY LIFELINE JERKED ME TO A MID-AIR HALT.
UNGHHH!
HELP . . .

THE LINE HELD.
LOOK OUT BELOW!
I'LL LEAVE, I THINK!
NOW ALL I NEEDED WAS HARDWARE — OF THE FIRING TYPE.
ALLIE'S ARMOURY
YES, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF COINS, SIR — BUT IT'S NOT MUCH MONEY! THIS IS THE ONLY THING YOU CAN AFFORD.

A HYDRON MEGABLASTER, DATING FROM 2109. A FINE ANTIQUE WEAPON . . . AS LONG AS YOU DON'T TRY TO FIRE IT. THEN IT'S LIABLE TO EXPLODE.
SIGH! ALL RIGHT. I'LL TAKE IT.

HAVE A GOOD DAY!

I NIPPED INTO A SIDE STREET—

AND WAITED . . .
UUUURRRRGGHHHHK!
SORRY, CHUM . . .

YOU LOOKED MY SIZE! IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOME CLEAN CLOTHES! NOW — TIME TO REJOIN THE PROCESSION . . .
HURRY . . . WE MUST REACH THE PALACE!
THIS FLOAT SHOULD DO!

JUST MY LUCK — A WAGON LOAD OF SMELLY GNORKS! AND I'M STUCK HERE UNTIL THIS WAGON REACHES THE PALACE!
THE PROCESSION'S SLOWING! WE MUST BE APPROACHING THE PALACE.
HEY — DRIVER! DECLARE THE CONTENTS OF YOUR WAGON!

GNORKS, SERGEANT — A TRIBUTE TO KING ROSCOE. I HAVE BEEN TEN REVOLUTIONS BRINGING THEM HERE!
VERY WELL. WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER, DRIVE THROUGH THE GATES AND BETWEEN THE POLES OF THE WEAPONS SCANNER.

OH, NO — A SENSOR! IT'LL BE PROGRAMMED TO RECOGNISE ALL KNOWN WEAPONS BY THEIR PRECISE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE. AND WHEN THOSE GUARDS FIND OUT THERE'S ONE ABOARD THIS WAGON . . .
ALL RIGHT — YOU'RE CLEAN! GO THROUGH . . .
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

THE METAL BLASTER I'D BOUGHT WAS SO OLD IT WASN'T IN THE SCANNER'S MEMORY BANK — ALL MODERN BLASTERS ARE MADE OF PLASTEX!

PHEW! BUT THAT WAS THE EASY PART! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET PAST ALL THESE GUARDS!

AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!

. . . I WAS ALWAYS AFRAID OF HEIGHTS, ACTUALLY, BUT AFTER I FAILED MY SCHOOL EXAMS, THIS WAS THE ONLY JOB . . . OOOOF!
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S MY STILT! IT'S GONE ALL WOBBLY!

BUT I'LL GO AND LEAN AGAINST A WALL FOR A WHILE . . . THEN PERHAPS IT'LL STOP.

THIS IS A HI-JACK! TAKE ME TO THE NEAREST BALCONY WINDOW!
N-NO! HELP! HELP!!

I'VE BEEN STILT-NAPPED! HELP!!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING I COULD DO—
SORRY!

HE'S FALLING!
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO THINK ABOUT THIS . . .

HOPE I GOT IT RIGHT!
OOOOF! WHOOPS!!

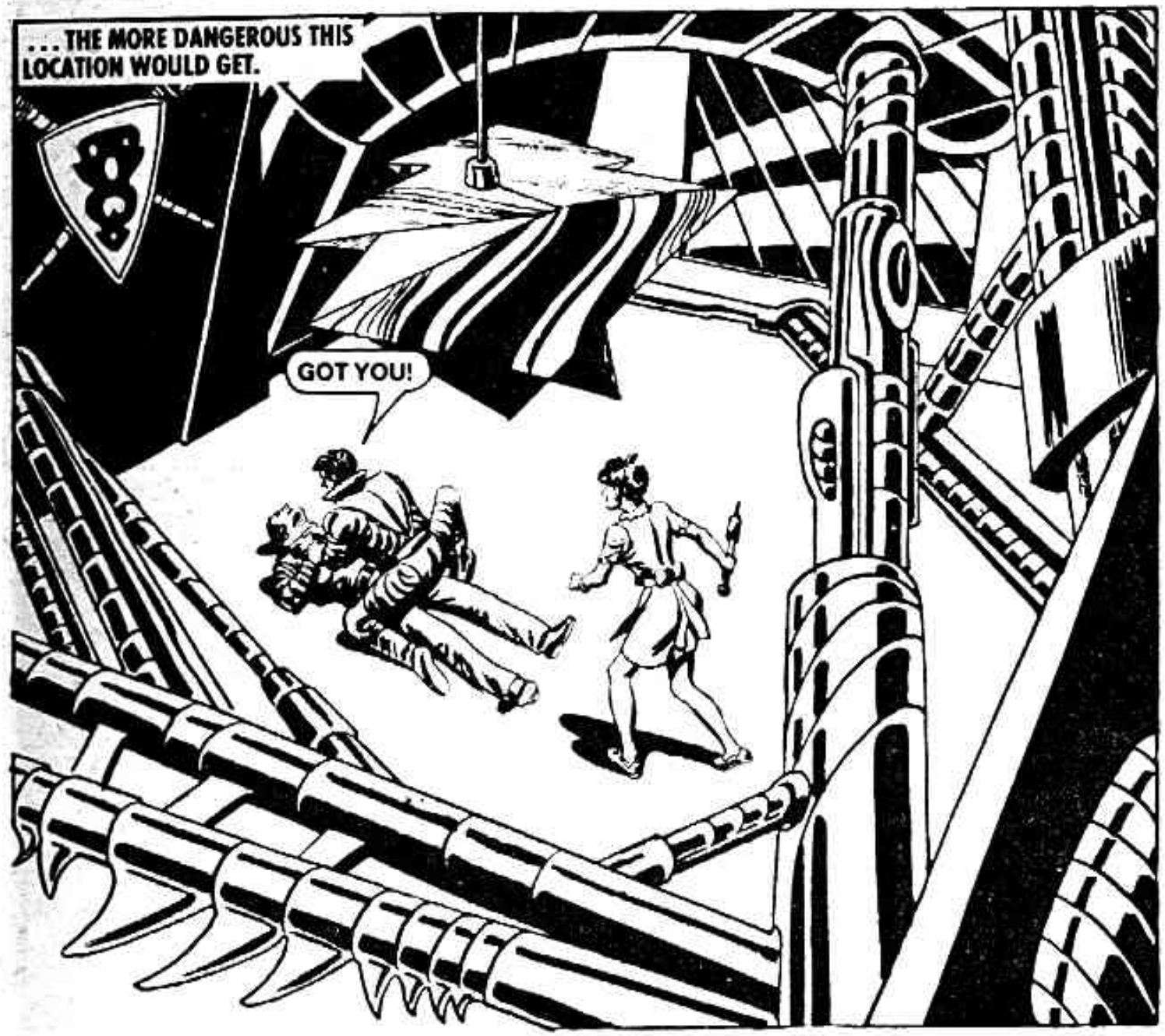
NO ONE SAW ME CRASH IN HERE SO I SHOULD BE SAFE TILL STILTS WAKES UP.

I SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO FIND DEAR ROSCOE!

I . . . PANT . . . I'M LOST! I MUST HAVE LOOKED IN FIFTY ROOMS AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF KYLAM! STILL — I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE WORSE.
AIIIIIEEEEE!!!
WHO IS IT?
IT'S AN INTRUDER! WE MUST ALERT THE GUARDS!

NO! WAIT!
CAN'T USE MY BLASTER — IT'D BE HEARD ON THE NEXT PLANET!
DAGROTH . . .
I COULDN'T LET THEM GET AWAY — AND I COULDN'T CATCH THEM ON FOOT. SO I DECIDED TO USE ANOTHER PART OF MY ANATOMY!

OOOGHHH!
. . . LOOK OUT!
SO FAR I'D BEEN LUCKY— MOST OF THE GUARDS WERE OUTSIDE WATCHING THE CROWDS. BUT I KNEW THE LONGER I SPENT BRAWLING WITH THE SERVANTS . . .


. . . THE MORE DANGEROUS THIS LOCATION WOULD GET.
GOT YOU!

AARGHHH!
M-MUSTN'T . . . BLACK OUT!

DAGROTH — HERE!
THANK YOU, MEZZALA! NOW — THROW THE OTHER ONE TO THAT PIG!

I AM NOT AFRAID TO MEET YOU IN COMBAT, SCUM! I WAS AURLAN JAGSWORD CHAMPION LAST REVOLUTION, AND I AM ONE OF ONLY THREE PEOPLE ON MY PLANET TO HAVE ATTAINED THE AWARD OF JAGSWORD GALACTIC MASTER!
WELL . . . ER . . . I'VE USED A SWORD BEFORE. I WON'T TELL HIM IT WAS WHEN I WAS SIX, AND THE SWORD WAS PLASTIC!
EN GARDE!
OW!
I WAS NO SWORDSMAN.

BUT I WAS A FAIR DART PLAYER!
YOU FOOL! I AM HERE!
YES . . .
CHANDELIER
UP
DOWN
RELEASE
. . . AND THE CHANDELIER IS RIGHT ABOVE YOU.
ARRGHHHH!
TH-THE KING IS IN THE ROBING ROOM AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR . . . PREPARING FOR HIS BROADCAST. BUT YOU WILL NEVER REACH HIM, OFFWORLDER!

I HAD TO GET GOING — AFTER I'D TIDIED UP OF COURSE!
THAT'S THEM OUT OF THE WAY JUST LONG ENOUGH . . .

. . . FOR ME TO TERMINATE . . .

. . . THIS LOCATION!
ALL RIGHT, KYLAM . . .
FREEZE!
BUT KYLAM WASN'T THERE.

SO! MARCUS GANT . . . I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THEY WOULD SEND YOU TO LOCATE ME. I HAVE ENJOYED VIEWING YOUR PROGRESS THROUGH THE ROYAL RESIDENCE ON MY PORTAVID, BUT IF YOU WANTED TO SURPRISE ME . . .

. . . THEN YOU WERE MISTAKEN.
THE REWARD BEING OFFERED FOR KYLAM SUDDENLY SEEMED LIKE PEANUTS COMPARED TO SOMETHING MUCH MORE VALUABLE TO ME — MY LIFE!

YOU CANNOT HIDE FOR LONG, LOCATOR! SOON THIS GAME WILL END — WITH YOUR DEATH!
YEAH — BUT AT LEAST I'LL DIE KNOWING YOU HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO WEAR, STARSCUM!

THAT'S IT! ONLY ONE RACK LEFT! AND THAT MEANS . . .

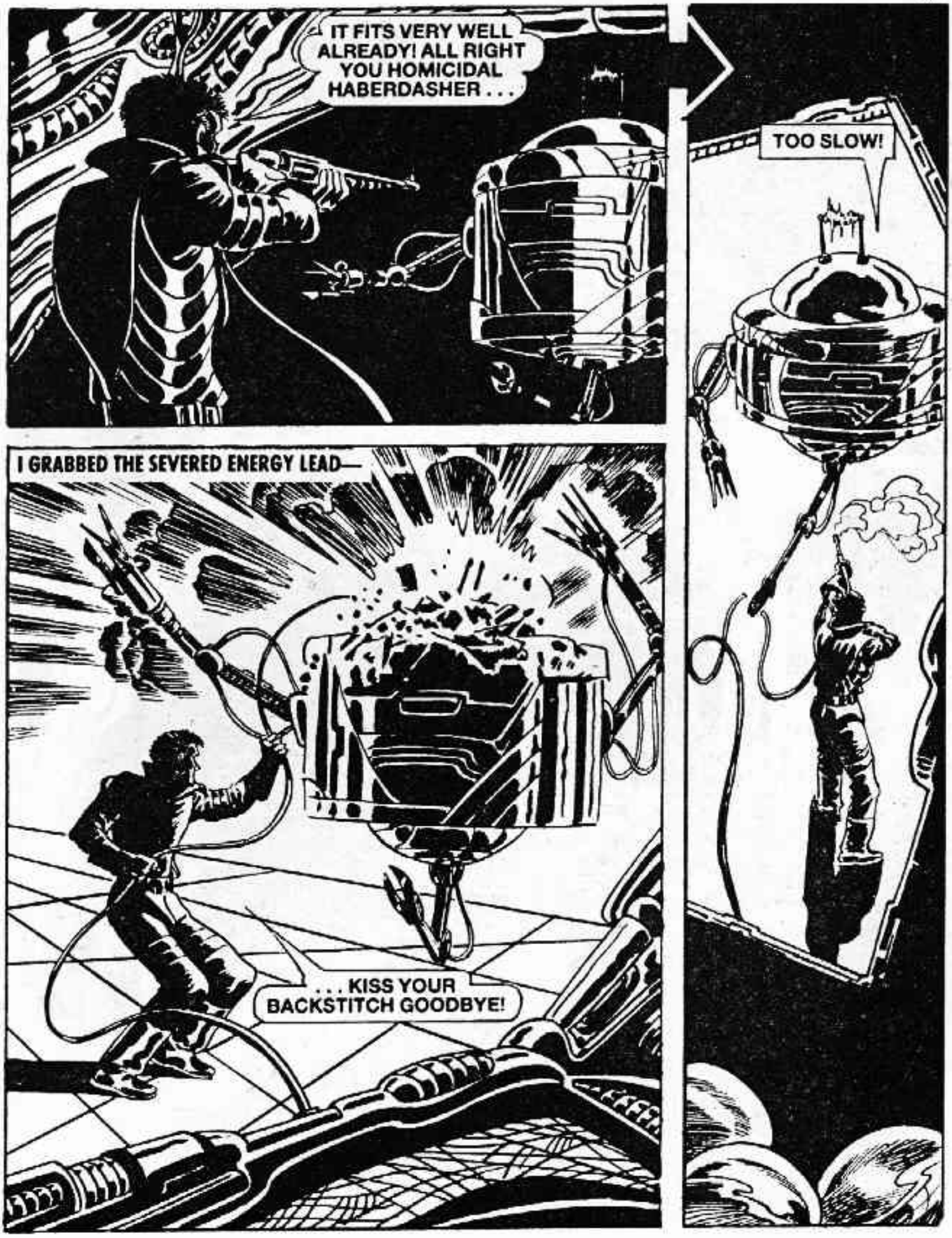
SO YOU HAVE LOCATED ME AT LAST, LOCATOR! BUT I WILL KILL YOU BEFORE YOU REACH ME!
I'M NOT TRYING TO REACH YOU, KYLAM! I'M TRYING . . .

. . . TO REACH THE MIRROR!
I KNEW THE MIRROR WOULD REFLECT THE LASER BLASTS, AND I ALSO KNEW IT WAS ON CASTORS . . .

OKAY, KYLAM! READY OR NOT . . .

HERE I COME . . . GONE! I SHOULD'VE EXPECTED IT!
THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED . . .

THERE YOU ARE, MR LOCATOR! NOW, THE QUESTION IS . . . HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE IN YOUR FACE?
A ROBOT TAILOR!


IT FITS VERY WELL ALREADY! ALL RIGHT YOU HOMICIDAL HABERDASHER . . .
TOO SLOW!
I GRABBED THE SEVERED ENERGY LEAD—
. . . KISS YOUR BACKSTITCH GOODBYE!

I RETRIEVED MY BLASTER.

MUST HURRY! THE LONGER THIS LOCATION TAKES, THE WORSE IT'LL GET FOR MY HEALTH!

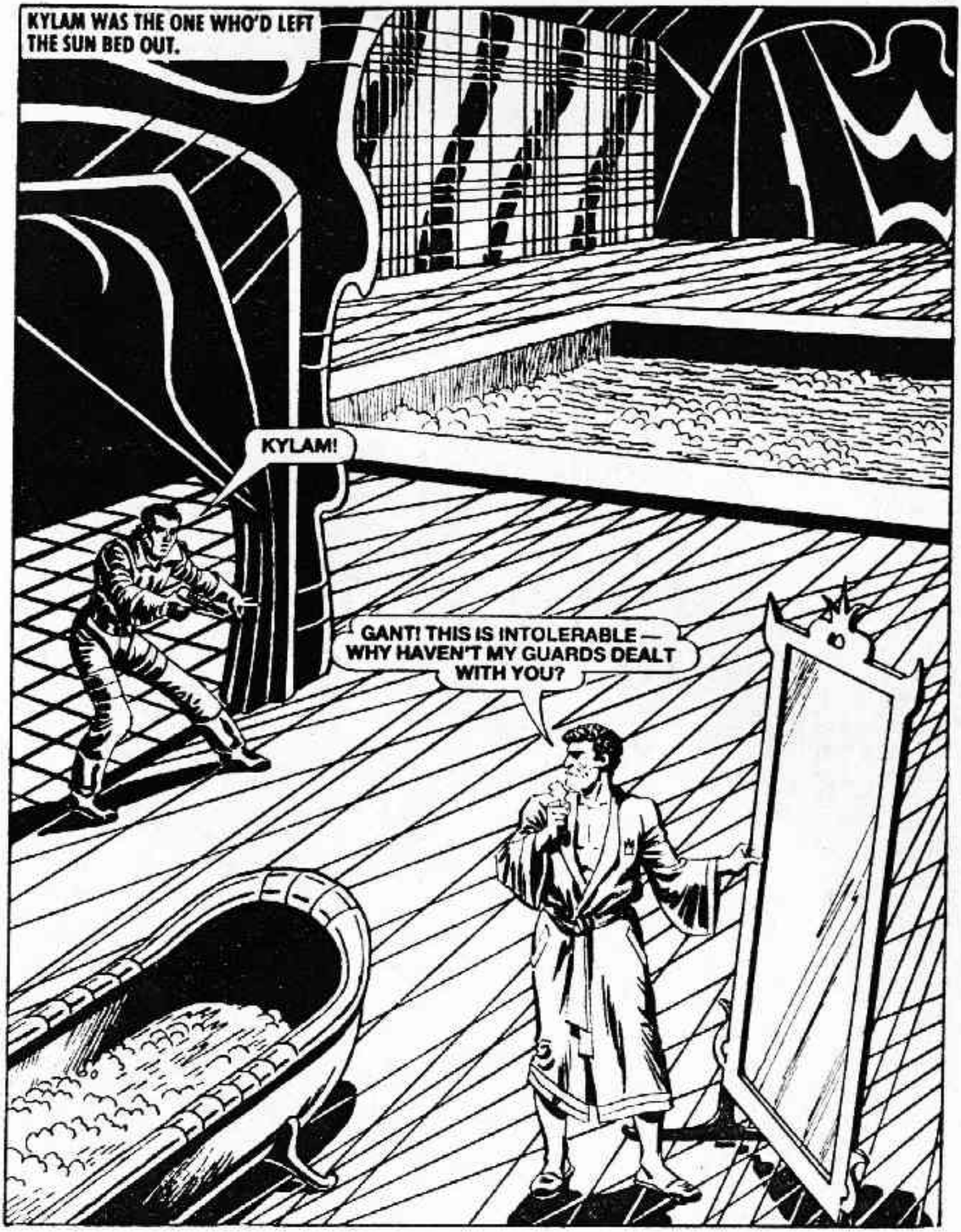
THE ROBOT TAILOR EXPLODED—

WHERE IS KYLAM?

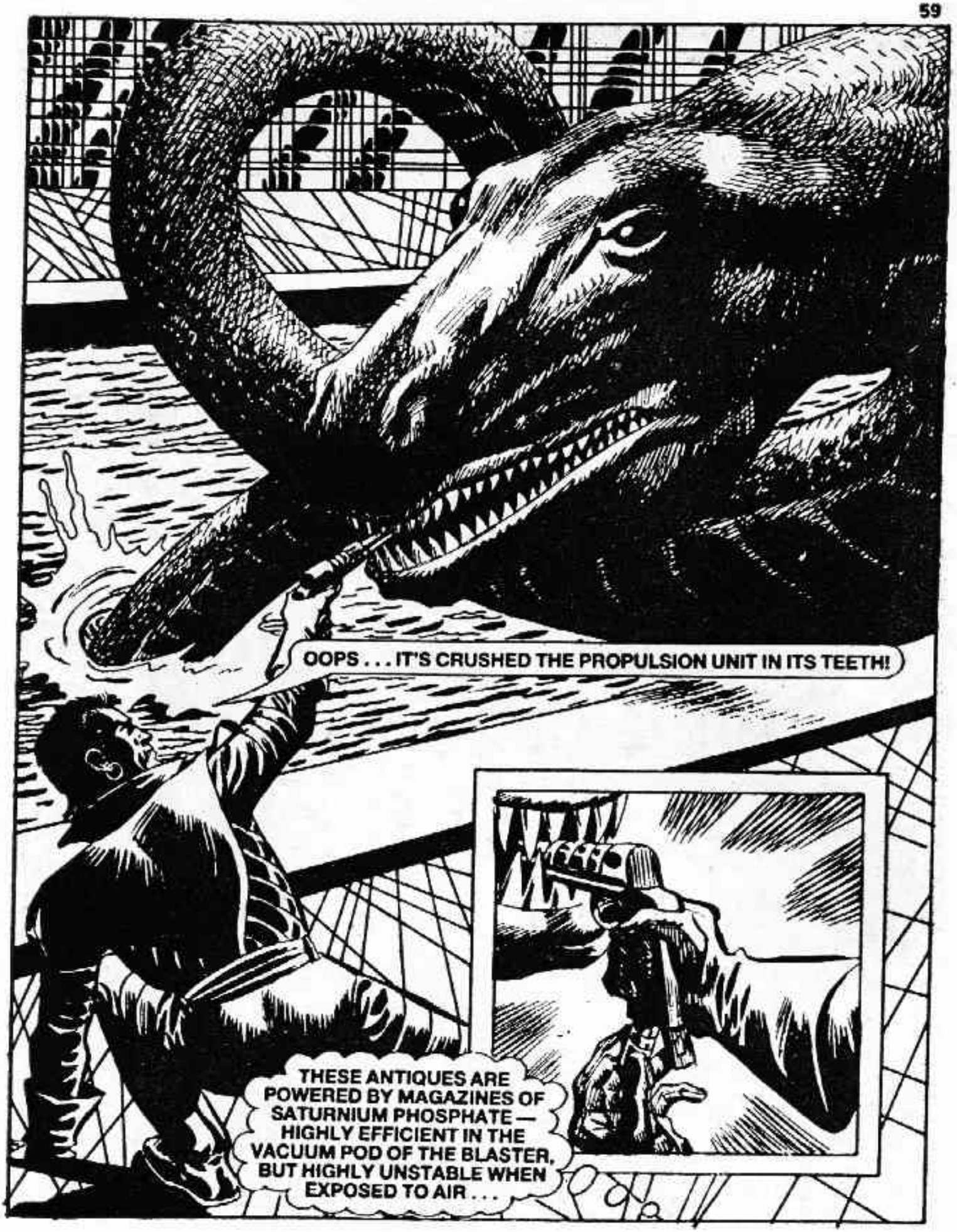
KYLAM'S WARNED THE GUARDS!
HALT, INTRUDER! OR YOU WILL DIE!
DON'T BE STUPID, KOLTAR — HE'LL DIE ANYWAY.

I THINK IT'S TIME TO GO!
NOW, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT THIS WAS PART OF A BRILLIANT PLAN . . .

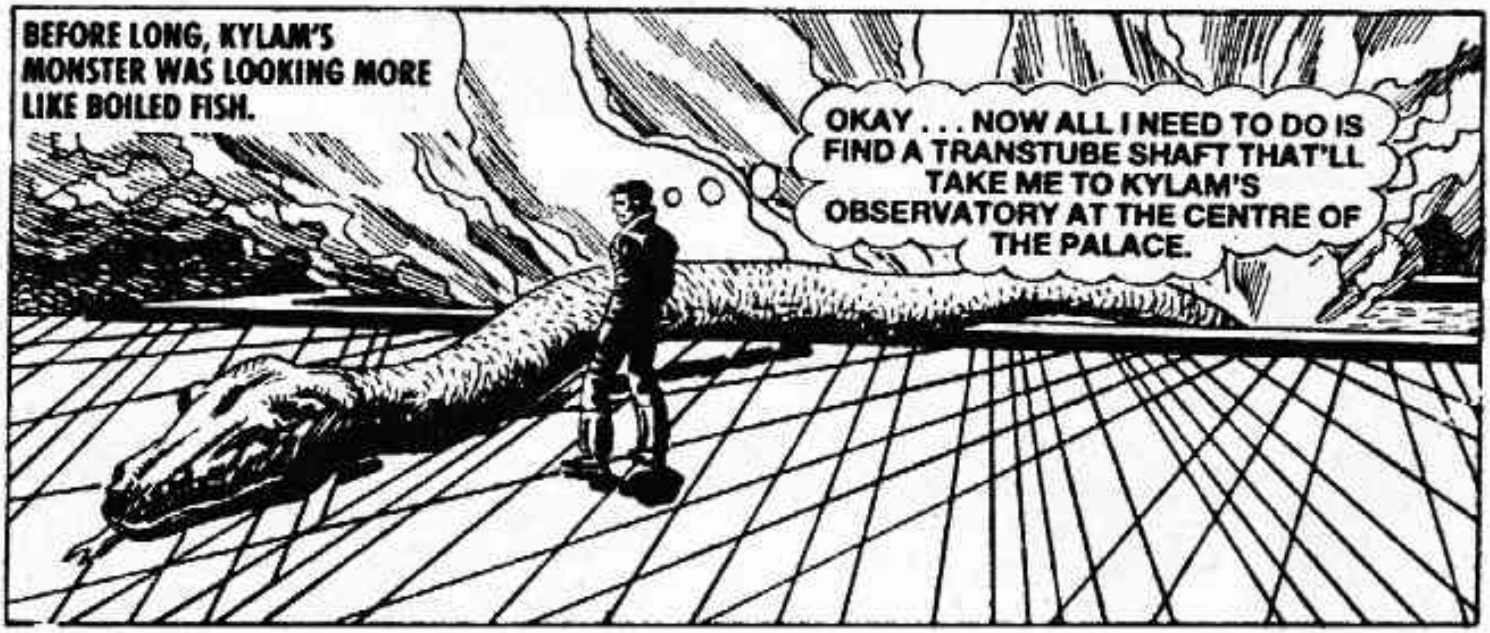
. . . THAT I'D STUDIED THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING INTENTLY, ANTICIPATING THE MOMENT . . .
OH, PLANETS . . .
. . . WHAT IN SPACE HAVE I DONE?
BUT I WAS JUST PLAIN LUCKY — SOMEBODY HAD LEFT A SUNBED OUT.
S-SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!


KYLAM WAS THE ONE WHO'D LEFT THE SUN BED OUT.
KYLAM!
GANT! THIS IS INTOLERABLE — WHY HAVEN'T MY GUARDS DEALT WITH YOU?

BECAUSE THEY'RE AMATEURS, ROSCOE!
ROSCOE FLED . . .
WHA—?
NO WONDER!

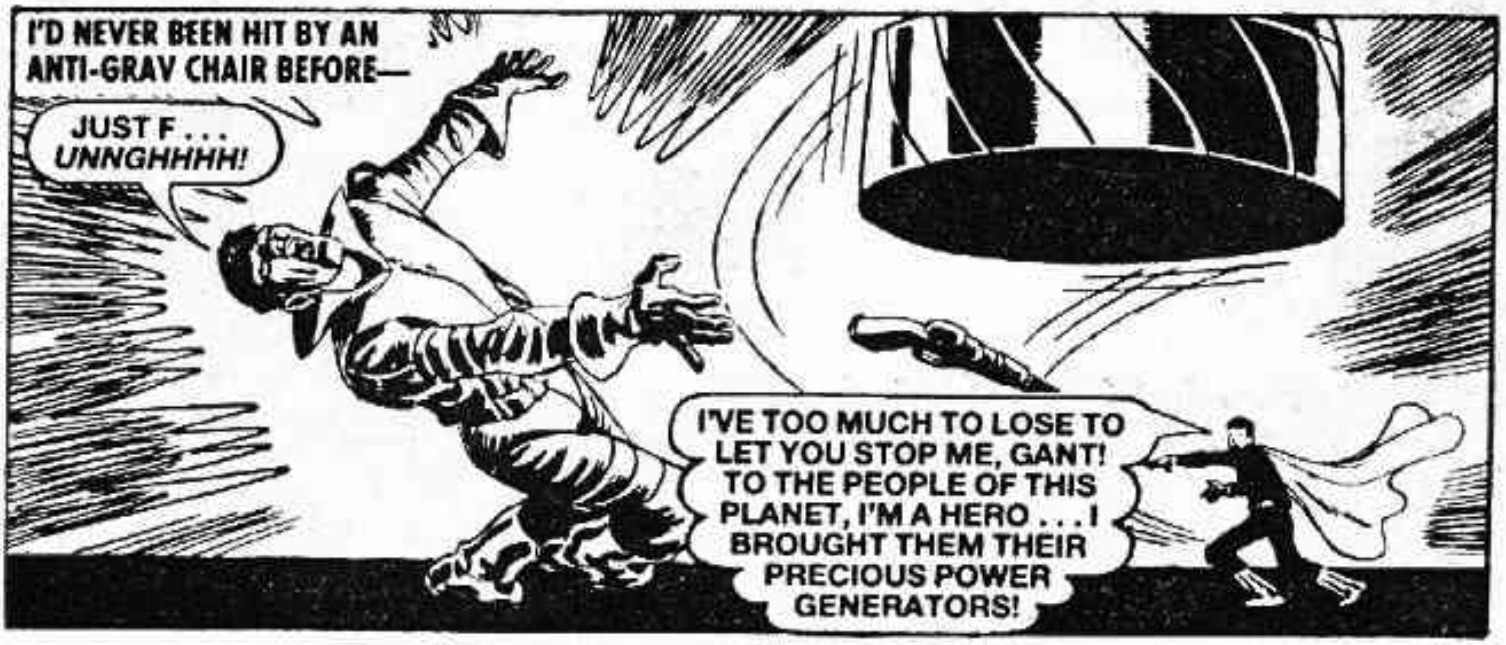

OOPS . . . IT'S CRUSHED THE PROPULSION UNIT IN ITS TEETH!
THESE ANTIQUES ARE POWERED BY MAGAZINES OF SATURNIUM PHOSPHATE — HIGHLY EFFICIENT IN THE VACUUM POD OF THE BLASTER, BUT HIGHLY UNSTABLE WHEN EXPOSED TO AIR . . .

. . . OR WATER!
SATURNIUM HEATS TO 300 DEGREES IN UNDER A SECOND . . .


BEFORE LONG, KYLAM'S MONSTER WAS LOOKING MORE LIKE BOILED FISH.
OKAY . . . NOW ALL I NEED TO DO IS FIND A TRANSTUBE SHAFT THAT'LL TAKE ME TO KYLAM'S OBSERVATORY AT THE CENTRE OF THE PALACE.

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT EXTRA PROTECTION, ROYAL ONE? WITH AN INTRUDER ON THE LOOSE . . .
THE INTRUDER IS SERPENT FOOD NOW, WAHLOI! JUST PRIME THE TRANSMITTERS AND LEAVE SO THAT I MAY MAKE MY BROADCAST.

I WAITED TILL THE TECH HAD GONE AND—
FREEZE, KYLAM — OFFICIAL LOCATION! DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS BLASTER . . .
. . . BECAUSE IT DOESN'T WORK!


I'D NEVER BEEN HIT BY AN ANTI-GRAV CHAIR BEFORE—
JUST F . . . UNNGHHHH!
I'VE TOO MUCH TO LOSE TO LET YOU STOP ME, GANT! TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET, I'M A HERO . . . I BROUGHT THEM THEIR PRECIOUS POWER GENERATORS!

YOU'RE A REAL SAINT, KYLAM! I'M SURE YOU'D HAVE DONE THE SAME EVEN IF THESE POOR IDIOTS HADN'T MADE YOU KING!
KING — HAH! TO BE KING OF AURLA IS NOTHING! IT IS JUST A PLACE TO HIDE WHILE I AWAIT RANSOM FOR THE DEFENCE TAPES . . . AND AFTER IT IS DELIVERED, I SHALL LAUNCH MY MASTERPLAN . . . AND THE PEOPLE OF AURLA WILL DISCOVER THE TRUE FUNCTION OF THEIR GENERATORS!
T-TRUE FUNCTION?
DINK!
YES! MY PLANS ARE FOR NOTHING LESS THAN THE TOTAL DOMINATION OF THIS QUADRANT — STARTING WITH THE NEIGHBOURING WORLD OF EVIN!
THIS WAS THE REAL KYLAM — NOT SO MUCH A NOBLE KING, MORE A COMPLETE FRUITCAKE!

AND I THOUGHT HIS 'SUBJECTS' SHOULD BE IN ON THE SECRET — THE ANTI-GRAV CHAIR WASN'T AS EASY TO AIM AS A DART, BUT I HIT THE TARGET.
TRI-VID SOUND VISION
THEY'RE NOT GENERATORS! THEY'RE SUPER POWERFUL RETRO-ROCKETS, CAPABLE OF SENDING AURLA RIGHT OUT OF ITS ORBIT . . . TURNING IT INTO A GUIDED MISSLE! SO THAT UNLESS THE PEOPLE OF EVIN PROCLAIM ME RULER, I'LL FIRE THIS UGLY LITTLE PLANET AT THEM . . . AND DESTROY BOTH WORLDS!

RULER? YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO GET A JOB AS A SEWAGE-TECH ROUND HERE WHEN THE LOCALS HAVE FINISHED, KYLAM — LOOK AT YOUR VIEW-VIDS!

M-MY PEOPLE . . . IN REVOLT! YOU TRICKED ME, GANT! AND FOR THAT . . .

I WISH PEOPLE WOULD LISTEN!

AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED . . . I'D EARNED THAT 90,000,000 REWARD.
WHERE IS HE . . . WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE KING?
KYLAM? OH . . .

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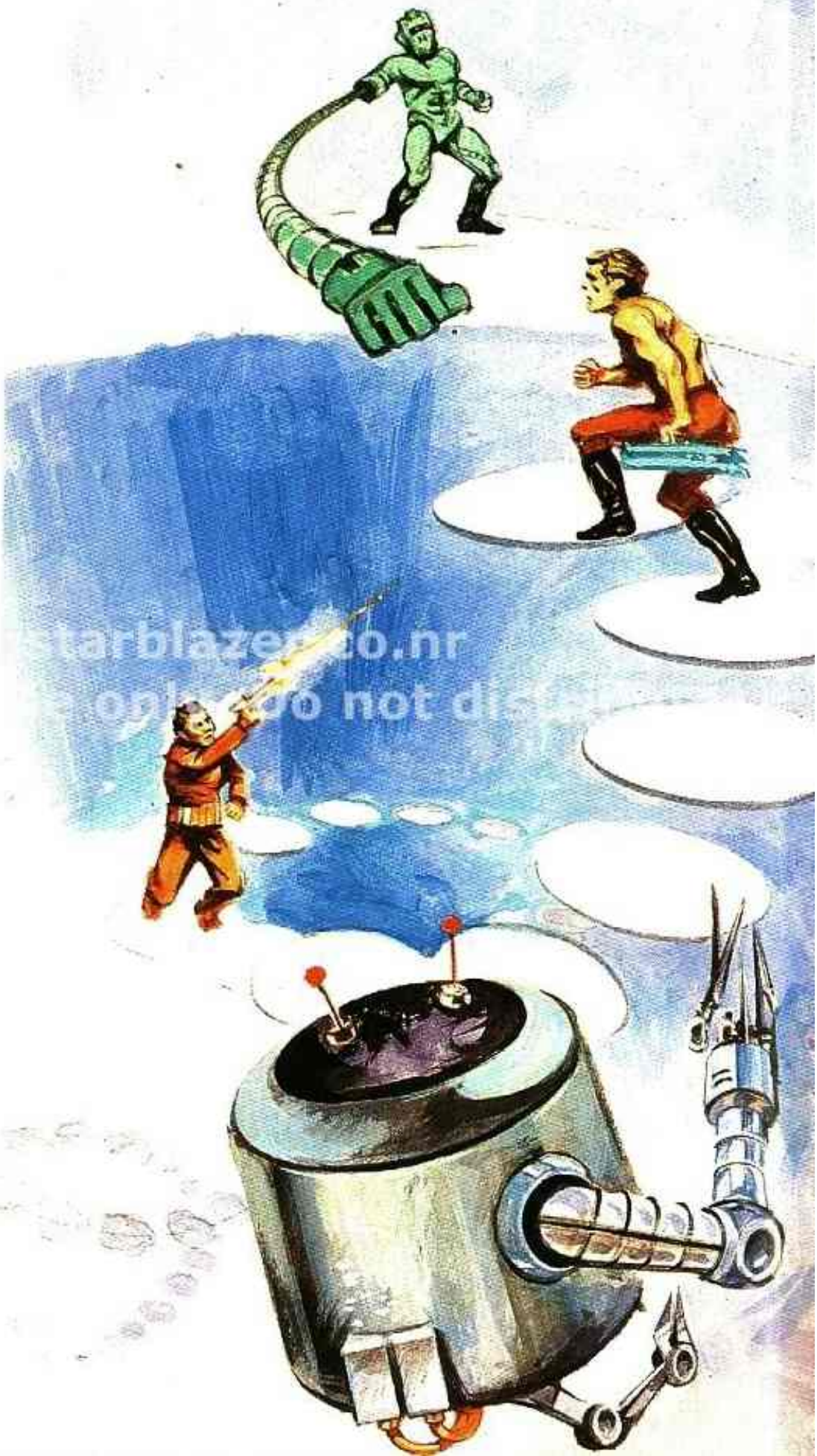
DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE

NOW ON SALE

THE KYLAM LOCATION

Roscoe Kylam was a galactic crook of the first order . . . and when he stole all the data-discs for a computer defence system, the authorities became extremely annoyed. So they recruited Marcus Gant, ace-locator, to find him. But what they forgot was that Marcus Gant also had a habit of locating trouble . . . BIG trouble.



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